

TOMORROW IS FIRST
FRIDAY. AVOID RUSH.
CONFESSION TONIGHT.
FRI. ALSO EPIPHANY.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
January 5, 1939.

MASS FOR BILL COOGAN
TOMORROW IN FRESHMAN
ALSO CAVANAUGH 7:20.
("2nd MONTH'S MIND")

She Made Breads For Our Lord.

Christmas Eve, in the convent alongside the laundry, Sister Bernadette died. Two days previous she had finished her work of folding handkerchiefs for three thousand of you and the Holy Cross Fathers and Brothers here. But folding handkerchiefs was not sister's main line. Fifty-nine unbroken years she had baked altar breads. She played a star role in the University's devotion to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

It was labor, making those thousands of breads, large and small, for the priests and you students. Day after day the same thing: mixing ingredients, whipping them into a batter, cooking them slowly, imprinting small Eucharistic designs-- the Cross, or a bunch of grapes or some wheat. Not until recent years did the specially-made electric stove lighten her job.

But more than labor, her work was love. With each new bread she sent another ejaculation of love toward the Heart of Our Lord. "Dear Jesus, bless the student on whose tongue the priest places this." Or, if she had just trimmed a large Host, "Fire with zeal the priest whose anointed hands raise this aloft in the Mass." This might lead to a prayerful distraction. "Tell him just what to say to the next troubled student who kneels for absolution and needed advice." Do you not learn from this that the vast network of prayers which Holy Cross nuns and thousands of Sisters elsewhere offer for you does you far more good than all the radio networks combined?

This good Sister teaches you a particular lesson: the elevation of trifles to very big things. The world looks at bread-making and handkerchief-folding as menial tasks. Sister rightly believed that each Host she trimmed was a new coin of merit. Every soft fold she put in those "hankies" was an added claim on the Bank of Heaven. Why? Because all these small things she did for Him. He pays the world's most lavish rewards: added degrees of joy in eternal life. Even the glass of cold water He does not forget, provided it's given in His Holy Name. How often He said: "Whatsoever you do to the least of these, My brethren, you do to Me." For the good things you do for others, He Himself will be your reward.

Now, as the New Year begins, is the time, to renew (if you've stopped) the practice of the Morning Offering. Swift prayer, it elevates the commonplace acts of your day to titles of glory in Heaven. Your study, your "sessions," your assistance at Mass, your meals, your yells at the basketball games: all these Christ accepts if you offer them. One student, years ago, made a separate offering at breakfast, dinner and supper: "As I eat, good Lord, feed the Holy Souls with Your Body; give them to drink of Your Blood." It is true, as the Missal reads, they yearn for "refreshment, light and peace."

So, get ahold of your morning and evening prayer card in the chapel tonight. Learn the Morning Offering that is printed there. Beginning tomorrow, as soon as you jump out of bed, put your soul in the words. If you prefer to use this older form which the students of '99 were accustomed to use, go ahead:

O my God, I offer all my actions of this day to Thee; grant, I beseech Thee, that whatever I do this day may be acceptable to Thee; and vouchsafe to direct all to Thine honor and glory.

This is an excerpt from one of the few remaining copies of "The Notre Dame University Prayer Book" in use over forty years ago. It was sent us by Father Heaton from Rome.

As to Sister again, don't forget her in your prayers and Communion and Masses. Some years ago she left a relic with Father O'Hara: the wooden ladle she employed to stir the paste of water and flour. Though broken from over-use, it remains a precious sign of the University's love for Christ in the Hosts-- and for good Sister Bernadette.